

Susan (Savio) Doman Victim Impact Statement:

Your Honor,

I would like to tell you a little about my sister, Kathleen Savio. Kathleen was a strong-willed (person) who struggled in life, but never gave up. She put herself through school, getting as far as receiving her associate's degree in accounting. Later, she worked toward her nursing degree. She was determined to have a bright future, and she did. I would like to take this time to express the suffering that is felt due to the brutal murder of my sister Kathleen Savio. I can hardly stand the pain at times. The thought of the last night of her life will be with me always.

The fear and scream for help and now knowing she was alone. The fear of seeing the water, knowing she was going into the water and her last breath would soon stop. Through the years I got better, but the scar of the brutal murder of my sister Kathleen will always be with me.

My sister Kathleen was my rock throughout my life. I always looked up to her even though she was younger than me. She made me smile when I thought it was the worst thing in the world. She told me we were family and no one can take that away. She bought me my first dress coat and said "Now you're looking like me, Susie."

I remember when I lived 40 miles away and was home with the flu. My children were arguing like teenagers do. My head ached and I was just not up to seeing anyone, but Kathleen drove over with her children and I swear she bought the entire cough and cold aisle. And she explained to me what each medicine would do to make me feel better. She gave me it with a spoon and said you will feel better soon. She had a big heart for her family. She did not deserve to be brutally murdered.

During the divorce she lived in fear, and I knew the defendant would kill her one day. She sought help from so many and even predicted the end (of) her life was very near. She only wanted to live in peace and go on with her life. The defendant took that away. He took her life, he took away his own children's mother, and he took my sister in a brutal drowning.

He left me with ten white garbage bags of Kathleen's clothing. The defendant told me that he was being a nice guy by letting me have them. He gave almost all of her things to other people as if he was saying he is a nice guy.

I remember Kathleen's words, "Drew's going to kill me," and I felt helpless because I did not know how to help my sister. I remember Drew laughing as he told me how he went through Kathleen's coat pockets and collected about \$100 in change! I never saw her coat again, or any of her clothing. It was given to others by Drew.

He showed no remorse. For years I watched Peterson parade on TV, radio, photo shoots and (that) radio promotion to win a date with him. This was a big joke to him. And he loved all the attention.

Kathleen's voice was silent again. I could never hug or kiss my sister Kathleen again, or tell her you're going to make it through this difficult time. She will never be able to see her sons Tom

and Kristopher mature as adults. Never get to hold them in their time of need. Never see them get married or even be a grandmother. Never will she be sitting at our holiday table with her smile.

I have been left with a grave with her name on it. I don't even have my nephews to comfort. The defendant took that away from me too.

Your Honor, the defendant shows no remorse to this day for the horrible crime that he did to my sister Kathleen. This senseless action is inexcusable. I am placing my trust, your Honor, that you will give Kathleen justice once and for all.

Henry Savio Victim Impact Statement:

Drew Peterson murdered my sister, Kathleen. Drew took everything away from Kathleen when he decided to take her life. He took away her children. He took away her dreams. He took away her future. From us, the family left behind, he took away a mother, a sister and a friend. My sister always wanted children, she always wanted to be a mother. When she had her children, they were her pride and joy. She has missed watching her children grow and become the young men that are unrecognizable to our family. Drew divided our family the day he ended her life. The relationship that we had with Tom and Kris, my sister's children, was destroyed that day. We not only lost Kitty, but we lost the past years with her children, because he would not allow us to be in their lives. Drew Peterson has taken away my sister and her children and left our family with not only the loss of Kitty, but the loss of her children. We hope to repair the damage he has inflicted upon our family as I know Kitty would want her children to be part of her family, our family.

Drew stalked my sister. He broke into her house. He terrorized her, brutalized her and then he drowned her. It makes me sick to know that he was the last person she ever saw. My family suffers greatly because of what he did, and he is suffering now for that. She had to live in constant fear that he would kill her, and he did. She lived out her last months and days knowing that he had the ability and intention to end her life. She was afraid of Drew, but I know in her last hours, she stood up to him and that is what probably made her last minutes worse. Knowing that in her final minutes of life, she stood up to Drew, is my consolation. Knowing that he is locked up and won't be terrorizing anyone else, is my consolation. I will be mending my family, including my family's relationship with Kitty's children, while he is rotting in jail for the rest of his life. While he is in jail, I hope that Kitty is (what) he sees every night before he sleeps and I hope that she is haunting him in his dreams. I pray that during the last minutes of his life, he is able to clearly see her and she is watching his dissention into hell. He took Kathleen's future and now she has taken his.

Anna Marie Savio-Doman Victim Impact Statement:

My name is Anna Marie Savio-Doman. Kathleen Savio was my baby sister. All Kathleen ever wanted to be was a wife and a mother and to have a family of her own. She thought she had found her happiness.

Kathleen's murder was a devastating loss for me and my entire family. It was not just my baby sister that was taken. It was also my father's daughter, my children and nieces' and nephew's "Auntie Kitty," and her two boys, Tommy and Kris' mother. She will never see my 4-year-old grandson or see her own boys have families and feel how wonderful it is to be a grandmother.

My loss of my baby sister is beyond words. There will be no more birthday parties, backyard gatherings, holiday celebrations or other family activities to share. The laughter, hugs, guidance/advice, sense of security and those opportunities to say "I love you" are forever gone. Kathleen and I were very much alike. We could even finish each other's sentences. Now, our family is forever broken.

One of the hardest things for me is knowing the pain and fear that Kathleen must have suffered at the time of her murder. The horror and betrayal she must have felt when she realized that someone she had trusted and loved more than anything was actually killing her. I wonder if she could feel her heart breaking when she thought about leaving her two boys forever. The helplessness she must have felt knowing she was going to die. Kathleen did not deserve to be so cruelly taken. She was a person with a big heart and a kind, gentle manner. She loved music, children and her friends and family.

My baby sister is gone, but memories of her will last forever in my mind. Our family was truly blessed when Kathleen was born. I can still remember looking at her being held by our mother when we picked them up from Christ Community Hospital in Oak Lawn after she was born. I was 8 years old. At the time, I thought she looked like a little wrinkled old man. That picture of her is embedded in my mind's eye forever. Although it has been years since her murder, I still can't believe I will never hug her or hear her voice again. She always had a perpetual smile on her face. That is something that most people remember about her. I can't bear to think I will never see that smile again.

I have to say, it hurts a lot. I hope it gets better, but I am not confident it will get better.

I still talk to her. I hope she can hear me.